

Moratti

# IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE

CLASSICAL OPERA  
IAN PAGE (CONDUCTOR)



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Orchestra playing on period instruments at A = 430 Hz

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# WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791) IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE, K.126

Libretto by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

SCIPIONE	STUART JACKSON tenor
COSTANZA	KLARA EK soprano
FORTUNA	SORAYA MAFI soprano
PUBLIO	KRYSTIAN ADAM tenor
EMILIO	ROBERT MURRAY tenor
LICENZA	CHIARA SKERATH soprano

## THE CHOIR OF CLASSICAL OPERA

## THE ORCHESTRA OF CLASSICAL OPERA

Leader: Daniel Edgar  
Continuo: Christopher Bucknall (harpsichord), Luise Buchberger (cello),  
Cecelia Bruggemeyer (double bass)

IAN PAGE conductor

## IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE, K.126

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## The Orchestra of Classical Opera

### Violin 1

Daniel Edgar (leader)  
Hannah Tibell  
Julia Kuhn  
Nia Lewis  
James Toll  
Kristin Deeken  
Davina Clarke

### Violin 2

Liz McCarthy  
Sophie Barber  
Marianna Szücs  
Kirsten Klingels  
Emilia Benjamin  
Naomi Burrell  
Mark Seow

### Viola

Lisa Cochrane  
Oliver Wilson  
Mark Braithwaite  
Louise Hogan

### Cello

Luise Buchberger (continuo)  
Jonathan Rees  
Alex Rolton

### Double bass

Cecelia Bruggemeyer (continuo)  
Timothy Amherst

### Flute

Katy Bircher  
Eva Caballero

### Oboe

James Eastaway  
Rachel Chaplin

### Bassoon

Zoe Shevlin  
Inga Maria Klauke

### Horn

Gavin Edwards  
Nick Benz

### Trumpet

Paul Sharp  
Philip Bainbridge

### Timpani

Scott Bywater

### Harpsichord

Christopher Bucknall (continuo)



## The Choir of Classical Opera

### **Soprano**

Sophie Gallagher  
Rosemary Galton  
Laura Oldfield  
Bethany Partridge  
Amy Wood

### **Alto**

Amy Lyddon  
Martha McLorinan  
Eleanor Minney

### **Tenor**

Benjamin Alden  
Peter Davoren  
Nicholas Madden

### **Bass**

Stephen Kennedy  
Oliver Hunt  
Andrew Mahon





## Il sogno di Scipione – an introduction by Ian Page

Mozart's *Il sogno di Scipione* was composed in 1771 as a celebratory homage to Prince Archbishop Sigismund Schrattenbach of Salzburg, but the Archbishop died before the piece could be performed. In the spring of 1772 Mozart amended the work so that it could be used in honour of Schrattenbach's successor, Hieronymus Colloredo – the only necessary change was to alter the name of the dedicatee in the final recitative, although Mozart also took the opportunity to compose a new, extended setting of the final aria. It seems likely that the piece was eventually presented as part of the celebrations for Archbishop Colloredo's investiture, but there is no categorical proof that it was performed either then or at any other point in Mozart's lifetime. Indeed, it is possible that its première might have been as recently as 20 January 1979, when it was performed as part of the Salzburg Mozartwoche.

### Background

Following the triumphant première of *Mitridate, re di Ponto* in Milan on 26 December 1770, the fourteen-year-old Mozart and his father had remained in Italy for a further three months, incorporating a two-week visit to Turin and a month in Venice, as well as short stays in Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and Padua. By the time they left the country Leopold Mozart had secured four further commissions for his son. Two of these were for Milan again – a wedding 'serenata' (which would be *Ascanio in Alba*) for the festivities surrounding the marriage of the Habsburg Empress Maria Theresa's fourth son, Archduke Ferdinand, to Beatrice d'Este, Princess of Modena, and another carnival opera (*Lucio Silla*) to open in December 1772 – while the third was for an opera for Venice, which in the event did not materialise because its dates clashed directly with the second Milan commission. The final contract was for an oratorio for Padua (this became *La Betulia liberata*, although no performance was forthcoming).

Mozart and his father arrived back home in Salzburg on Maundy Thursday, 28 March 1771, and Wolfgang was soon working on a fifth commission, this one for his home town. This was to be a serenata in honour of Archbishop Schrattenbach, and the resulting work was *Il sogno di Scipione*. No record or details of the commission survive, and the occasion for which the work was intended is not precisely clear. Each year the court celebrated the anniversary of the Archbishop's consecration on 21 December and his birthday on 28 February, but the most likely pretext for the commission was the fiftieth anniversary of Schrattenbach's ordination into the church, which would have occurred on 10 January 1772.

The *licenza* (literally 'licence' or 'liberty') was a regular part of courtly life in the eighteenth century, and Mozart had already composed two *licenza* arias for Archbishop Schrattenbach: "Or che il dover... Tali e cotante sono", K.36 in December 1766 and "A Berenice e Vologeso sposi... Sol nascente in questo giorno", K.70 in either 1767 or 1769. A *licenza* was a tribute inserted at the end of an opera, play or other entertainment to honour the anniversary of a patron's birth, wedding or investiture. Often they were conceived as a separate but climactic homage, but occasionally they formed an integral part of the work they followed, as in *Il sogno di Scipione*. They usually consisted of a solo recitative and aria, sometimes followed by a celebratory chorus.

### The libretto

During Mozart's time in Italy he had been befriended and supported by the governor-general of Lombardy, Count Karl Joseph Firmian, whose brother was high steward at the Salzburg court. Firmian, who was described by Charles Burney as "a sort of King of Milan", had been responsible for securing the commission for *Mitridate*, and on Wolfgang's initial departure from Milan he had presented the young composer with a beautifully bound nine-volume set of the complete works (to date) of Metastasio. Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782) was the most celebrated and prolific opera librettist of the day – the theorist

Stefano Arteaga described him as "the favourite author of the century, whose name is heard gloriously from Cadiz to the Ukraine, and from Copenhagen to Brazil" – and it was to his work that Mozart turned when he arrived home in Salzburg in March 1771. He had already composed several concert arias to Metastasio texts (K.77, 78, 79, 82, 83, 88), and for his new Salzburg commission he chose (doubtless in collaboration with his father) Metastasio's *Il sogno di Scipione*, which had been penned in 1735 for the birthday celebrations of Habsburg Emperor Karl VI (it was originally set by the Bolognese composer Luca Antonio Predieri).

Metastasio's prime source was Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* ('Scipio's Dream'), from Book VI of his *De Republica*, although he also drew on a story told in Book XV of Silius Italicus' *Punica*, in which Scipio is forced to decide whether his life should be governed by Virtue (Virtue) or Voluptas (Pleasure). The Scipio of the title is the Roman general Scipio Aemilianus (also known as Scipio Africanus the Younger), who was the second son of the Roman consul and general Lucius Aemilius Paulus Macedonicus (Emilio in the opera). Scipio had been adopted in childhood by his cousin, Publius Cornelius Scipio, whose own father, Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus, was the celebrated military commander who had defeated Hannibal in the Second Punic War; there appears to be some uncertainty among biographers and commentators as to which of these Publiuses is featured in *Il sogno di Scipione*, but the *dramatis personae* of Metastasio's libretto makes clear that it was Scipio's adoptive grandfather, Scipio Africanus. The fictional story of Scipio's dream takes place in 148 BC, two years before Scipio led the destruction of Carthage in the Third Punic War.

### Composition and re-dedication

Mozart very probably composed *Il sogno di Scipione* during April and May 1771, followed by a second Metastasio setting, *La Betulia liberata* (in response to his Padua commission), while he was still awaiting confirmation of which libretto he was required

to set for the Milan wedding serenata. He presumably knew that time would be extremely tight when he returned from Milan, and that he therefore needed to complete the Schrattenbach commission before he left. In the event he and his father departed for their second trip to Italy on 13 August, arriving in Milan on 21 August. Here he began composing *Ascanio in Alba*, and by 21 September he reported that he only had two more arias to compose. The work was premièred on 17 October, like *Mitridate* at the Teatro Regio Ducale, and received four further performances before the end of the month as the wedding festivities continued unabated. Leopold Mozart decided that they should stay in Milan for a further month in the hope of securing a musical position for Wolfgang in the court of the newly married Archduke Ferdinand, but no offer was forthcoming. They eventually left Milan on 5 December, arriving back in Salzburg on 15 December. The very next day, any plans for the imminent performance of *Il sogno di Scipione* were suddenly thrown into confusion by the death of Archbishop Schrattenbach.

The selection of a successor was a tortuous and controversial one, with the Imperial court in Vienna applying political pressure on the election process, and in the end – and after no fewer than thirteen ballots – the appointment went to Hieronymus Joseph Franz de Paula, the Count of Colloredo. He had been born into a distinguished aristocratic family in Vienna in 1732, and was educated there and in Rome. He had been made a canon at Salzburg Cathedral at the age of fifteen, and had acquired several further ecclesiastical titles in Austria and Germany by the time he was officially appointed Prince Archbishop of Salzburg on 14 March 1772.

It was a straightforward and politic move to re-dedicate *Il sogno di Scipione* to the new Archbishop – Mozart had already changed Metastasio's original dedicatory reference in the final recitative from 'Carlo' (Karl VI) to 'Sigismondo' (Schrattenbach), and in the autograph manuscript he subsequently crossed out 'Sigismondo' and replaced it with 'Girolamo', the Italian equivalent of Hieronymus (Colloredo). In the spring of 1772 he

also wrote a new version of the final *licenza* aria – the original setting (included as an appendix on this recording) was considerably shorter than all but one of the work's other arias, possibly as a result of the work having been completed in a hurry – and this was not a task that he would have undertaken without the expectation of a performance.

Colloredo inherited extensive debts from his predecessor, and his rule was to be characterised by austerity and thrift. Some biographers have taken this, in combination with the lack of firm evidence, to suggest that any planned performance of *Il sogno di Scipione* in 1772 failed to materialise, but written reports of the celebrations attached to the Archbishop's investiture on 29 April 1772 – the date that he took up residence in Salzburg – refer to the performance of a cantata at a grand dinner for 160 held in the Residenz palace that evening. It is entirely plausible – likely, even – that the work in question was *Il sogno di Scipione*.

Mozart's relationship with the new Archbishop was to prove a difficult and ultimately acrimonious one, but it began promisingly. Colloredo had met the six-year-old Mozart in Vienna in 1762 and heard him perform there, and ten years later one of his first acts as Archbishop was to incorporate Wolfgang formally into court employment, granting him a salary for the first time (his 150 gulden a year was one-third the size of his father's salary). Again, it seems plausible, though unproven, that this recognition might have been prompted by gratitude for the serenata offered in his honour.

### The music

In Mozart's early operas he already demonstrates an unerring ability to match the scale and ambition of the music to the widely differing circumstances for which each work was written. *Apollo et Hyacinthus*, *La finta semplice*, *Bastien und Bastienne* and *Mitridate, re di Ponto* were all conceived for highly contrasting conditions, venues, audiences and performers, and it is important to bear this in mind when assessing their relative merits. *Il*



*sogno di Scipione* represented yet another new set of circumstances: an extremely formal and obsequious presentation designed as a homage to the Archbishop of Salzburg.

At face value Metastasio's libretto presented a significant challenge. It is almost entirely devoid of plot, character development or dramatic action of any kind, and the sequence of prototype 'opera seria' arias and recitatives is broken only by two short choruses, the second of which concludes the work. Mozart's score, therefore, needed to create its own musical flow and momentum, and to enhance the contemplative nature of much of the libretto with music of virtuosity, vigour and panache. The influence of his recent fifteen-month trip to Italy is readily apparent, but whereas *Mitridate* had been able to draw on the operatic reforms and experiments of composers such as Gluck, Jommelli and Traetta, *Il sogno di Scipione* needed to revert to a less fluid, altogether more reflective and static pace of utterance.

Aside from the linking recitative, the main body of the story features nine arias (two for each character except Emilio, who has one) and a chorus. Scipio's lyrical opening aria reveals a character who is benignly bemused by Fortune and Constancy's insistence that he must commit to following one of them and rejecting the other, and any sense of confusion or unease inherent in Metastasio's text is reserved for the palpitating middle section, in which the orchestra's pizzicato bass line and fluttering off-beat accents underpin the briefly animated vocal part. By the time of his second aria, however, Scipio has already resolved to choose Constancy, and the music now assumes a majesty and virtuosity which elevates the character to the heroic status of his ancestors.

The allegorical figures of Costanza and Fortuna are characterised more as sparring sisters than as polar opposites, and their arias similarly combine lyrical warmth with virtuosic vivacity. Mozart seems to devote more attention to distinguishing between Scipio's two forefathers, the aria of his natural father Emilio possessing a radiance and compassion

lacking in the music of his adoptive grandfather Publio. Perhaps the finest aria of all, though, is the final version of the concluding licenza aria, whose melodic charm and yearning pathos anticipate the wonders of Mozart's maturity.

Mozart's writing for the orchestra is consistently accomplished and vibrant. In Fortuna's first aria, and again in Costanza's second aria, a relentlessly scurrying undertow of second violin semiquavers depicts the tempestuous weather conditions that are being evoked, while in Publio's first aria high-lying B flat alto horns bring a distinctive brightness, simultaneously ethereal and military, to the music. As in his other early operas, Mozart frequently enriches the string texture by writing two separate viola parts, and another recurring device he uses to great effect is to have first and second violins doubling a melodic line an octave apart. He underlines the work's festive provenance by adding trumpets and timpani to the standard orchestration of oboes, horns, bassoon and strings for the opening movement of the overture and for both choruses, and the addition of flutes for the second movement of the overture and for Emilio's aria creates an exquisitely autumnal hue which is all the more effective for being so sparingly used.

In a piece that has so little plot and narrative content, though, it is arguably the two framing devices which he uses to set the story up that reveal Mozart's dramatic genius most tellingly, firstly when the overture gradually subsides into an unresolved hush which depicts Scipio falling into a deep sleep, and secondly with the remarkable accompanied recitative in which Scipio eventually stirs from his dream. After much music that fulfils its function effectively and attractively without quite firing the depths of Mozart's nascent imagination, here at last we encounter music whose sublime beauty and haunting otherworldliness is suddenly worthy and evocative of Pythagoras' imagined 'music of the spheres'.

Ian Page

## Synopsis

The story of Scipio's Dream takes place in c.148 BC, while the celebrated Roman general is a guest in the palace of his ally Massinissa, King of Numidia (in modern day Tunisia). As Scipio falls into a deep sleep, he dreams that the allegorical figures of Fortuna (Fortune) and Costanza (Constancy) appear to him in Elysium and demand that he should choose one of them to follow for the rest of his days. Scipio feels that he needs more information to be able to make his decision, but Fortuna in particular is reluctant to allow him further time, acknowledging that she is as changeable and capricious as the wind. As Scipio admires the astonishing beauty of his surroundings, Costanza explains to him that on earth we are incapable of recognising such wonders, in the same way that we have to turn away when we try to look into the sun.

Scipio enquires about the inhabitants of Elysium, and is immediately visited by a chorus of dead heroes who include among their number his father Emilio (Lucius Aemilius) and his adoptive grandfather Publio (Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus), both of whom have died heroically in military combat while serving their country. Publio explains that only their mortal bodies are dead, and he urges Scipio to live a life of virtue so that he in time can also live among the immortal heroes.

Scipio is perturbed that his father Emilio does not seem happy to see him, but Emilio explains that in heaven happiness is a much calmer and less demonstrative emotion. From their vantage point the world appears like a tiny dot, and all the anxieties and agitations that we endure on earth now seem absurd and insignificant.

Scipio wishes to remain in Elysium, but Fortuna and Costanza insist that this is not yet permitted. Publio and Emilio remind him that he still has plenty to accomplish on earth for the good of his people, and that he has not yet fulfilled his destiny and earned his place in heaven.

The time has come for Scipio to choose between Fortuna and Costanza, but when he turns to Publio and Emilio for advice they tell him that he must make up his own mind. One after the other Fortuna and Costanza press their claims for support, Fortuna asserting that every human life is at her mercy while Costanza claims that she alone is capable of withstanding Fortuna and rewarding virtue and merit.

Scipio finally makes his decision. He will ignore the threats and vicissitudes of Fortuna and devote himself to Costanza. Fortuna is livid and unleashes her fury, but Scipio remains steadfast and fearless. He wakes up to realise that everything has been a dream, but he recognises the omen and resolves to commit his allegiance to constancy rather than fortune, as he has done in his dream.

In the closing *licenza*, the muse declares that this was not so much a story about Scipio as about Archbishop Colloredo. She sings his praises and a final chorus pays homage to him, wishing him long life and prosperity.



## Classical Opera

Classical Opera was founded in 1997 by conductor Ian Page to explore the works of Mozart and his contemporaries, and has emerged as one of the leading exponents in its field. In 2017 it launched a new brand, The Mozartists, enabling it to broaden its ever-expanding concert work while continuing to present recordings and performances of complete operas under the name of Classical Opera. With its own acclaimed period-instrument orchestra, the company has attracted widespread critical and public recognition, not only for the high quality of its performances but also for its imaginative programming and its ability to discover and nurture outstanding young singers. In 2015 it launched MOZART 250, a ground-breaking 27-year project following the chronological trajectory of Mozart's life, works and influences.

Classical Opera has performed regularly at many of London and the UK's leading venues, including Wigmore Hall, the Barbican, Sadler's Wells, Birmingham Town Hall and Bridgewater Hall, Manchester, and on tour in Italy, France, Germany and Austria, where it enjoyed a three-concert residency at the 2016 Eisenstadt Haydn Festival. It has mounted staged productions of many of Mozart's operas, and in 2009 presented The Royal Opera's new production of Thomas Arne's *Artaxerxes*. It has also given the world première of the 'original' version of Mozart's *Mitridate, re di Ponto*, and the UK premières of Gluck's *La clemenza di Tito*, Telemann's *Orpheus* and Jommelli's *Il Volgeso*.

Classical Opera's first two recordings – 'The A-Z of Mozart Opera' (Sony BMG, 2007, re-released on Signum Classics, 2014) and 'Blessed Spirit – a Gluck retrospective' (Wigmore Hall Live, 2010) – were both selected for *Gramophone* magazine's annual Critic's Choice. In May 2016 the company released 'Where'er You Walk', with tenor Allan Clayton, which was shortlisted for the 2017 International Opera Awards, and this was followed in May 2017 by The Mozartists' début recording 'Perfidol', a programme of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven concert arias featuring soprano Sophie Bevan. *Il sogno di Scipione* is the sixth release in Classical Opera's complete recording cycle of Mozart's operas.

# Libretto

## CD 1

*Scipione dormendo, la Costanza e la Fortuna.*

### 1 Overture

*Allegro moderato – [Andante]*

### 2 Recitativo

FORTUNA:

Vieni e siegui i miei passi,  
O gran figlio d'Emilio.

COSTANZA:

I passi miei,  
Vieni e siegui, o Scipion.

SCIPIO:

Chi è mai l'audace,  
Che turba il mio riposo?

FORTUNA:

Io son.

COSTANZA:

Son io:  
E sdegnar non ti dei.

FORTUNA:

Volgiti a me.

*Scipio sleeping, Constancy and Fortune.*

### Overture

*Allegro moderato – [Andante]*

### Recitativo

FORTUNE:

Come and follow in my footsteps,  
great son of Aemilius.

CONSTANCY:

Come and follow  
in my footsteps, Scipio.

SCIPIO:

Who is the audacious person  
that is disturbing my sleep?

FORTUNE:

It is I.

CONSTANCY:

It is I;  
and you must not worry yourself.

FORTUNE:

Turn towards me.

COSTANZA:

Guardami in volto.

SCIPIO:

Oh Deil

Quale abisso di luce!

Quale ignota armonia! quali sembianze

Son queste mai sì luminose e liete!

E in qual parte mi trovo? E voi chi siete?

COSTANZA:

Nutrice degli Eroi.

FORTUNA:

Dispensatrice

Di tutto il ben, che l'universo aduna.

COSTANZA:

Scipio, io son la Costanza.

FORTUNA:

Io la Fortuna.

SCIPIO:

E da me che si vuol?

COSTANZA:

Che una fra noi

Nel cammin della vita

Tu per compagna elegga.

CONSTANCY:

Look me in the face.

SCIPIO:

Oh gods,

what an abyss of light!

What unfamiliar harmony! What

radiant and joyful features are these?

But where am I? And who are you?

CONSTANCY:

The nurturer of heroes.

FORTUNE:

The dispenser of all the well-being  
that the universe can gather together.

CONSTANCY:

Scipio, I am Constancy.

FORTUNE:

I am Fortune.

SCIPIO:

And what do you want from me?

CONSTANCY:

That you choose one of us  
as your companion  
along life's path.

FORTUNA:  
Entrambe offriamo  
Di renderti felice.

COSTANZA:  
E decider tu dèi  
Se a me più credi, o se più credi a lei.

SCIPIONE:  
Io? Ma Dee... Che dirò?

FORTUNA:  
Dubiti!

COSTANZA:  
Incerto  
Un momento esser puoi!

FORTUNA:  
Ti porgo il crine,  
E a me non t'abbandoni?

COSTANZA:  
Odi il mio nome,  
Nè vieni a me?

FORTUNA:  
Parla.

COSTANZA:  
Risolvi.

FORTUNE:  
We both offer  
to make you happy.

CONSTANCY:  
And you have to decide  
whether you believe more in me or in her.

SCPIO:  
I? But goddesses... What can I say?

FORTUNE:  
Do you hesitate?

CONSTANCY:  
Can you remain undecided  
even for one moment?

FORTUNE:  
I bring you the crown, and yet  
you do not abandon yourself to me?

CONSTANCY:  
You hear my name,  
and yet you do not come to me?

FORTUNE:  
Speak!

CONSTANCY:  
Decide!

SCIPIONE:  
E come?  
Se volete ch'io parli,  
Se resolver degg'io, lasciate all'alma  
Tempo da respirar, spazio onde possa  
Riconoscer se stessa.  
Ditemi, dove son, chi qua mi trasse,  
Se vero è quel ch'io veggio,  
Se sogno, se son desto, o se vaneggio.

### 3 No. 1, Aria

SCIPIONE:  
Risolver non osa  
Confusa la mente,  
Che oppressa si sente  
Da tanto stupor.

Delira dubbiosa,  
Incerta vaneggia  
Ogn' alma che ondeggia  
Fra' moti del cor.

### 4 Recitativo

COSTANZA:  
Giusta è la tua richiesta: a parte, a parte  
Chiedi pur e saprai  
Quanto brami saper.

FORTUNA:  
Sì; ma sian brevi,  
Scipio, le tue richieste. Intollerante  
Di riposo son io. Loco ed aspetto  
Andar sempre cangiando è mio diletto.

SCPIO:  
But how?  
If you wish me to speak,  
if I must decide, allow my soul  
time to breathe, space in which it can  
gather itself.  
Tell me where I am, who brought me here,  
if what I see is real, if I'm dreaming,  
if I'm awake, or if this is a delusion.

### No. 1, Aria

SCPIO:  
My confused mind  
does not dare to decide,  
for it feels burdened  
by so much amazement.

Every soul that wavers  
in the beatings of its heart  
is delirious with doubt,  
raving with uncertainty.

### Recitative

CONSTANCY:  
Your request is reasonable, so ask  
your questions one by one and you  
will learn whatever you want to know.

FORTUNE:  
Yes, but make your questions brief,  
Scipio. I do not like  
to be kept waiting. It is my pleasure  
always to change my location and appearance.

5

**No. 2, Aria**

FORTUNA:

Lieve sono al par del vento;  
Vario ho il volto, il piè fugace;  
Or m'adiro, e in un momento  
Or mi torno a serenar.

Sollevar le moli oppresse  
Pria m'alletta, e poi mi piace  
D'atterrar le moli istesse  
Che ho sudato a sollevar.

6

**Recitativo**

SCIPIO:

Dunque ove son? La reggia  
Di Massinissa, ove poc' anzi i lumi  
Al sonno abbandonai,  
Certo questa non é.

COSTANZA:

No: lungi assai  
È l'Africa da noi. Sei nell'immenso  
Tempio del ciel.

FORTUNA:

Non lo conosci a tante  
Che ti splendono intorno  
Lucidissime stelle? A quel che ascolti  
Insolito concento  
Delle mobili sfere? A quel che vedi  
Di lucido zaffiro  
Orbe maggior, che le rapisce in giro?

**No. 2, Aria**

FORTUNE:

I am as capricious as the wind;  
my face is changeable, my foot fleeting;  
one moment I'm enraged, but the next moment  
I return to being calm.

Firstly it delights me to raise up  
ruined buildings, and then it gives me pleasure  
to demolish those same buildings  
that I have toiled to erect.

**Recitative**

SCIPIO:

Then where am I? This is certainly  
not Massinissa's palace,  
where a short time ago  
I surrendered my eyes to sleep.

CONSTANCY:

No. Africa is a very long way  
away from us. You are in  
the immense temple of heaven.

FORTUNE:

Can you not recognise it  
from so many radiant stars that shine  
around you, from the unaccustomed harmony  
of the moving spheres that you can hear,  
from that great globe  
of gleaming sapphire that you can see,  
which forces them into orbit?

SCIPIO:

E chi mai tra le sfere, oh Dee, produce  
Un concento sì armonico e sonoro?

COSTANZA:

L'istessa ch'è fra loro  
Di moto e di misura  
Proporzionata ineguaglianza. Insieme  
Urtansi nel girar; rende ciascuna  
Suon dall'altre distinto;  
E si forma di tutti un suon concorde.  
Varie così le corde  
Son d'una cetra; e pur ne tempra in guisa  
E l'orecchio e la man l'acuto e'l grave,  
Che dan, percosse, un'armonia soave.  
Questo mirabil nodo,  
Questa ragione arcana  
Che i dissimili accorda,  
Proporzion s'appella, ordine e norma  
Universal delle create cose.  
Questa è quel che nascose,  
D'alto saper misterioso raggio,  
Entro i numeri suoi di Samo il Saggio.

SCIPIO:

And who, o goddesses, creates from the spheres  
such a melodious and sonorous harmony?

CONSTANCY:

That same inequality of proportion  
which exists between them  
in movement and in size. Together  
they collide in their orbit; each gives out  
a different sound from the next,  
and from all of them a harmonious sound is formed.  
The strings of a lyre are likewise different,  
and yet in the same way both ear and hand  
moderate the treble and the bass,  
producing, when struck, a sweet harmony.  
This miraculous combination,  
this mysterious ratio  
that unites dissimilar things,  
is called proportion, the order  
and universal principle of all creation.  
This is what lay hidden,  
the mysterious ray of a higher knowledge,  
within the numbers of the sage of Samos.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>This is a reference to the famous philosopher, astronomer and mathematician Pythagoras, who was born on the island of Samos in c.570 BC. Pythagoras observed that on the Greek seven-string lyre harmonious notes sounded when the lengths of those strings were proportional to whole numbers, e.g. 2:1, 3:2, 4:3. He then extended this notion to the so-called 'harmony of the spheres', the theory that the movement of planets and stars corresponded to the same mathematical equations that governed musical harmony.



SCIPIONE:

Ma un armonia sì grande  
Perchè non giunge a noi? Perchè non l'ode  
Chi vive là nella terrestre sede?

COSTANZA:

Troppo il poter de' vostri sensi eccede.

7

### No. 3, Aria

COSTANZA:

Ciglio che al sol si gira,  
Non vede il sol che mira,  
Confuso in quell' istesso  
Eccesso di splendor.

Chi là del Nil cadente  
Vive alle sponde appresso,  
Lo strepito non sente  
Del rovinoso umor.

8

### Recitativo

SCIPIONE:

E quali abitanti...

FORTUNA:

Assai chiedesti:  
Eleggi al fin.

SCIPIONE:

Soffri un istante. E quali  
Abitatori han queste sedi eterne?

SCIPIO:

But why does such a glorious harmony  
not reach us? Why is it not heard  
by those living in the realm of earth?

CONSTANCY:

It too far exceeds the scope of your senses.

### No. 3, Aria

CONSTANCY:

The eye that turns to the sun  
cannot see the sun at which it gazes,  
dazzled by that same  
excess of splendour.

He who lives by the shores  
of the cascading waters of the Nile  
does not notice the noise  
of the ruinous torrent.

### Recitativo

SCIPIO:

And which inhabitants...

FORTUNE:

You've asked enough;  
choose, once and for all.

SCIPIO:

Bear with me a moment. And what  
inhabitants do these eternal realms have?

COSTANZA:

Ne han molti e vari in varie parti.

SCIPIONE:

In questa,  
Ove noi siam, chi si raccoglie mai?

FORTUNA:

Guarda sol chi s'appressa, e lo saprai.

*Publio, coro d'Eroi, indi Emilio e detti.*

9

### No. 4, Coro

CORO D'EROI:

Germe di cento eroi,  
Di Roma onor primiero,  
Vieni, che in ciel straniero  
Il nome tuo non è.

Mille trovar tu puoi  
Orme degli avi tuoi,  
Nel lucido sentiero,  
Ove inoltrasti il piè.

10

### Recitativo

SCIPIONE:

Numil è vero, o m'inganno? Il mio grand'avo,  
Il domator dell'African rubello  
Quegli non è?

CONSTANCY:

They have many, and different ones in different  
parts.

SCIPIO:

In this one, where we are,  
who are gathered together?

FORTUNE:

Just look who is approaching, and you will find out.

*Publius, a chorus of Heroes and then  
Aemilius enter.*

### No. 4, Chorus

CHORUS OF HEROES:

Come, seed of a hundred heroes,  
Rome's foremost glory,  
come, so that your name may not  
be entered in a foreign heaven.

You can find a thousand  
footprints of your ancestors  
in the resplendent pathway  
on which you have set foot.

### Recitativo

SCIPIO:

Heavens, is it true, or am I deluding myself?  
Is that not my great ancestor,  
who tamed the African rebellion?

PUBLIO:  
Non dubitar, son quello.

SCIPIONE:  
Gelo d'orror! Dunque gli estinti?...

PUBLIO:  
Estinto,  
Scipio, io non son.

SCIPIONE:  
Ma in cenere disciolto  
Tra le funebri faci,  
Gran tempo è già, Roma ti pianse.

PUBLIO:  
Ah taci:  
Poco sei noto a te. Dunque tu credi  
Che quella man, quel volto,  
Quelle fragili membra, onde vai cinto,  
Siano Scipione? Ah non è ver. Son queste  
Solo una veste tua. Quel, che le avviva,  
Puro raggio immortal, che non ha parti,  
E sciaglier non si può che vuol, che intende,  
Che rammenta, che pensa,  
Che non perde con gli anni il suo vigore,  
Quello, quello è Scipione: e quel non muore.  
Troppo iniquo il destino  
Saria della virtù, s'oltre la tomba  
Nulla di noi restasse; e s'altri beni  
Non vi fosser di quei  
Che in terra per lo più toccano a' rei.

PUBLIUS:  
Do not doubt it; I am he.

SCIPIO:  
I freeze with horror! Then the dead...?

PUBLIUS:  
I am  
not dead, Scipio.

SCIPIO:  
But it is already a long time ago  
that Rome mourned you,  
reduced to ashes among the funeral torches.

PUBLIUS:  
Ah, be silent!  
You little know yourself. So do you believe  
that that hand, that face,  
those frail limbs in which you are encircled  
constitute Scipio? Ah, it is not true. These are  
merely your outer cloak. That pure, immortal  
spark which brings them to life, which has  
no parts, and which cannot choose what it  
wishes, what it intends, what it remembers,  
what it thinks, which does not lose its vitality  
with the years: that, that is Scipio; and that  
does not die. The fate of the virtuous would  
be too harsh if nothing of us were to remain  
beyond the tomb, and if there were no delights  
for you other than those  
which on earth fall mostly to the wicked.

No, Scipion: la perfetta  
D'ogni cagion, prima cagione ingiusta  
Esser così non può. V'è dopo il rogo,  
V'è mercè da sperar. Quelle che vedi  
Lucide eterne sedi  
Serbansi al merto: e la più bella è questa,  
In cui vive con me qualunque in terra  
La patria amò, qualunque offri pietoso  
Al pubblico riposo i giorni suoi,  
Chi sparse il sangue a beneficio altrui.

#### 11 No. 5, Aria

PUBLIO:  
Se vuoi che te raccolgano  
Questi soggiorni un dì,  
Degli avi tuoi rammentati,  
Non ti scordar di me.

Mai non cessò di vivere  
Chi come noi morì:  
Non meritò di nascere  
Chi vive sol per sè.

#### 12 Recitativo

SCIPIONE:  
Se qui vivon gli eroi...

FORTUNA:  
Se paga ancora  
La tua brama non è, Scipio, è già stanca  
La tolleranza mia. Decidi...

No, Scipio; the most perfect  
of all causes, the prime cause  
cannot be so unjust. Beyond the funeral pyre  
there is the mercy of hope. Those radiant  
eternal realms that you see are reserved  
for merit; and the most beautiful is this one,  
in which live with me whoever on earth  
loved their country, whoever piously devoted  
their life to the public well-being, and  
who shed their blood for the good of others.

#### No. 5, Aria

PUBLIUS:  
If you wish these realms  
to welcome you one day,  
remember your ancestors,  
do not forget me.

Those who have died like us  
have never ceased to live;  
but he who lives only for himself  
did not deserve to be born.

#### Recitativo

SCIPIO:  
If the heroes live here...

FORTUNE:  
If your wish is not yet fulfilled,  
Scipio, my patience is already exhausted.  
Decide...

COSTANZA:

Eh lascia  
Ch'ei chiedo a voglia sua. Ciò ch'egli apprende,  
Atto lo rende a giudicar fra noi.

SCIPIONE:

Se qui vivon gli eroi  
Che alla patria giovar, tra queste sedi  
Perchè non miro il genitor guerriero?

PUBLIO:

L'hai su gli occhi, e nol vedi?

SCIPIONE:

È vero, è vero.  
Perdona, errai, gran genitor; ma colpa  
Delle attonite ciglia  
È il mio tardo veder, non della mente,  
Che l'immagine tua sempre ha presente.  
Ah sei tu! Già ritrovo  
L'antica in quella fronte  
Paterna maestà. Già nel mirarti  
Risento i moti al core  
Di rispetto e d'amore. Oh fausti numi!  
Oh caro padre! Oh lieto dì! Ma come  
Si tranquillo m'accogli? Il tuo sembiante  
Serenò è ben, ma non commosso. Ah dunque  
Non provi in rivedermi  
Contento eguale al mio!

CONSTANCY:

Oh, let him ask what he wants.  
What he learns will enable him  
to choose between us.

SCIPIO:

If the heroes who serve their country  
live here, why do I not see  
my warrior father in these realms?

PUBLIUS:

You have him before your very eyes and do  
not see him?

SCIPIO:

It's true, it's true.  
Forgive me, I was mistaken, great father;  
but the blame for my delayed senses lies  
in my astonished eyes, not in my mind,  
which always holds your image present.  
Ah, it is you! Already I find again  
in that brow the paternal grandeur of old.  
Already, on seeing you again,  
I feel emotions of respect and love  
within my heart. Oh propitious gods!  
Oh beloved father! Oh happy day! But why  
do you receive me in so muted a fashion?  
Your face is very peaceful, but not stirred.  
Ah, so do you not feel a happiness  
equal to mine in seeing me again?

EMILIO:

Figlio, il contento  
Fra noi serba nel Cielo altro tenore.  
Qui non giunge all'affanno, ed è maggiore.

SCIPIONE:

Son fuor di me. Tutto quassù m'è nuovo,  
Tutto stupir mi fa.

EMILIO:

Depor non puoi  
Le false idee che ti formasti in terra,  
E ne stai sì lontano. Abbassa il ciglio:  
Vedi laggiù d'impure nebbie avvolto  
Quel picciol globo, anzi quel punto?

SCIPIONE:

Oh stelle!  
È la terra?

EMILIO:

Il dicesti.

SCIPIONE:

E tanti mari,  
E tanti fiumi e tante selve e tante  
Vastissime province, opposti regni,  
Popoli differenti? E il Tebro? E Roma?...

EMILIO:

Tutto è chiuso in quel punto.

AEMIUS:

My son, happiness among us in heaven  
takes another form. Here it is not a matter  
of agitation, and it is all the better for it.

SCIPIO:

I am beside myself. Everything up here  
is new, everything amazes me.

AEMIUS:

You cannot lay aside the false beliefs  
that you formed on earth, and that you  
are so far away from. Lower your glance:  
do you see down there, enveloped in polluted  
clouds, that tiny globe, or rather that dot?

SCIPIO:

Oh heavens!  
Is that the earth?

AEMIUS:

It is as you say.

SCIPIO:

With so many seas,  
so many rivers and so many woods, so many  
vast provinces, opposing kingdoms and  
different tribes? And the Tiber? And Rome?...

AEMIUS:

Everything is enclosed within that dot.

SCIPIONE:  
Ah, padre amato,  
Che picciolo, che vano,  
Che misero teatro ha il fasto umano!

EMILIO:  
Oh se di quel teatro  
Potessi, o figlio, esaminar gli attori;  
Se le follie, gli errori,  
I sogni lor veder potessi, e quale  
Di riso per lo più degna cagione  
Gli agita, gli scompone,  
Gli rallegra, gli affligge o gl'innamora,  
Quanto più vil ti sembrerebbe ancora!

**13** No. 6, Aria

EMILIO:  
Voi colaggiù ridete  
D'un fanciullin che piange,  
Che la cagion vedete  
Del folle suo dolor.

Quassù di voi si ride,  
Che dell'età sul fine,  
Tutti canuti il crine,  
Siete fanciulli ancor.

SCIPIO:  
Ah, beloved father,  
what a miniscule, vain and wretched stage  
does human pride occupy!

AEMIILIUS:  
Oh, if you could examine  
the actors on that stage, my son,  
if you could observe their follies, their mistakes,  
their dreams, and see what cause,  
derisory for the most part,  
is enough to agitate, disturb,  
delight, afflict or enchant them,  
how much more contemptible still would it  
seem to you!

**No. 6, Aria**

AEMIILIUS:  
Down there you laugh  
at a little boy who is crying,  
for you see the cause  
of his foolish sorrow.

Up here we laugh at you,  
for at the end of your days,  
when your hair is all white,  
you are still children.

**CD 2**

**1** Recitativo

SCIPIONE:  
Publio, padre, ah lasciate  
Ch'io rimanga con voi. Lieto abbandono  
Quel soggiorno laggiù troppo infelice.

FORTUNA:  
Ancor non è permesso.

COSTANZA:  
Ancor non lice.

PUBLIO:  
Molto a viver ti resta.

SCIPIONE:  
Io vissi assai;  
Basta, basta per me.

EMILIO:  
Sì, ma non basta  
A' disegni del fato, al ben di Roma,  
Al mondo, al ciel.

PUBLIO:  
Molto facesti, e molto  
Di più si vuol da te. Senza mistero  
Non vai, Scipione, altero  
E degli aviti e de' paterni allori.

**Recitative**

SCIPIO:  
Publius, father, ah let me stay  
with you. I gladly relinquish  
my too unhappy sojourn down there.

FORTUNE:  
That is not yet permitted.

CONSTANCY:  
That is not yet allowed.

PUBLIUS:  
You still have much life left to live.

SCIPIO:  
I have lived for a long time;  
it is enough, enough for me.

AEMIILIUS:  
Yes, but it is not enough  
for the designs of Fate, for the good of Rome,  
for the world, for heaven.

PUBLIUS:  
You have done much, and much more  
is wanted from you. To speak plainly,  
Scipio, you have not yet attained your ancestors'  
glory and your father's laurels.

I gloriosi tuoi primi sudori  
 Per le campagne ibere  
 A caso non spargesti; e non a caso  
 Porti quel nome in fronte  
 Che all'Africa è fatale. A me fu dato  
 Il soggiogar sì gran nemica; e tocca  
 Il distruggerla a te. Va, ma prepara  
 Non meno alle sventure  
 Che a' trionfi il tuo petto. In ogni sorte  
 L'istessa è la virtù. L'agita, è vero,  
 Il nemico destin, ma non l'opprime;  
 E quando è men felice, è più sublime.

## 2 No. 7, Aria

PUBLIO:  
 Quercia annosa su l'erte pendici  
 Fra'l contrasto de' venti nemici  
 Più sicura, più salda si fa.

Che se 'l verno le chiome le sfronda,  
 Più nel suolo col piè si profonda;  
 Forza acquista, se perde beltà.

## 3 Recitativo

SCIPIONE:  
 Giacchè al voler de' Fati  
 L'opporci è vano, ubbidirò.

COSTANZA:  
 Scipione,  
 Or di scegliere è tempo.

Not by chance did you expend  
 your first glorious exertions  
 in the Iberian campaigns, and not by chance  
 do you wear on your brow that name  
 which is fatal to Africa. It was my task  
 to subdue such a great enemy,  
 and it falls to you to destroy it.  
 Go, but prepare your heart for reverses  
 as much as for triumphs. The virtue is the same  
 in either eventuality. It is true that adverse destiny  
 can stir it up, but it does not suppress it;  
 and when it is less fortunate it is more sublime.

## No. 7, Aria

PUBLIUS:  
 The aged oak tree on the vertiginous slopes  
 makes itself more secure, more steadfast,  
 against the onslaught of hostile winds.

For if winter denudes it of foliage  
 it digs its feet further into the ground;  
 it acquires strength, even if it loses beauty.

## Recitativo

SCIPIO:  
 Since it is useless to oppose  
 the will of the Fates, I shall obey.

CONSTANCY:  
 Scipio,  
 it is now time to choose.

FORTUNA:  
 Istrutto or sei;  
 Puoi giudicar fra noi.

SCIPIONE:  
 Publio, si vuole  
 Ch'una di queste dèe...

PUBLIO:  
 Tutto m'è noto.  
 Eleggi a voglia tua.

SCIPIONE:  
 Deh mi consiglia,  
 Gran genitor!

EMILIO:  
 Ti usurperebbe, o figlio,  
 La gloria della scelta il mio consiglio.

FORTUNA:  
 Se brami esser felice,  
 Scipio, non mi stancar: prendi il momento  
 In cui t'offro il crin.

SCIPIONE:  
 Ma tu che tanto  
 Importuna mi sei, di': qual ragione  
 Tuo seguace mi vuol? Perchè degg'io  
 Sceglier più che l'altra?

FORTUNE:  
 Now you are informed:  
 you must choose between us.

SCIPIO:  
 Publius, it is required  
 that one of these goddesses...

PUBLIUS:  
 I know everything.  
 Choose according to your wish.

SCIPIO:  
 Oh advise me,  
 great father!

AEMIUS:  
 My advice would usurp  
 the glory of your choice, my son.

FORTUNE:  
 If you want to be happy,  
 Scipio, do not tire me: seize the moment  
 in which I offer you the crown.

SCIPIO:  
 But tell me, you who are  
 so persistent with me: what motive  
 would impel me to follow you? Why should I  
 choose you rather than the other?

FORTUNA:

E che farai, s'io non secondo amica  
L'impresae tue? Sai quel ch'io posso? Io sono  
D'ogni mal, d'ogni bene  
L'arbitra collagiù. Questa è la mano  
Che sparge a suo talento e gioie e pene,  
Ed oltraggi ed onori,  
E miserie e tesori. Io son colei  
Che fabbrica, che strugge,  
Che rinnova gl'imperi: Io, se mi piace,  
In soglio una capanna, io, quando voglio,  
Cangio in capanna un soglio. A me soggetti  
Sono i turbini in cielo,  
Son le tempeste in mar. Delle battaglie  
Io regolo il destin. Se fausta io sono,  
Dalle perdite istesse  
Fo germogliar le palme: e s'io m'adiro,  
Svelgo di man gli allori  
Sul compir la vittoria ai vincitori.  
Che più? Dal regno mio  
Non va esente il valore,  
Non la virtù; che quando vuol la sorte,  
Sembra forte il più vil, vile il più forte:  
E a dispetto d'Astrea  
La colpa è giusta e l'innocenza è rea.

4

#### No. 8, Aria

FORTUNA:

A chi serena io miro  
Chiaro è di notte il cielo;  
Torna per lui nel gelo  
La terra a germogliar.

FORTUNE:

And what will you do if I do not benevolently support  
your undertakings? Do you know what I can do?  
I am the arbiter of all that is bad or good  
down on earth. This is the hand  
that bestows, at its whim, both joys and sorrows,  
both affronts and honours,  
both poverty and wealth. I am the one  
who builds, who destroys,  
who renews empires. If it pleases me,  
I change a hovel into a throne, or, when I wish to,  
a throne into a hovel. The gales  
in the sky and the storms at sea  
are subject to me. I determine  
the outcome of battles. If I feel kindly disposed  
I can make victory spring up  
even from routs, while if I am enraged  
I can snatch the laurels away from the victors  
right at the moment of conquest.  
What else? Neither courage nor virtue  
are impervious to my rule,  
for when Fate wills it,  
the basest thing seems mighty, the mightiest base;  
and in defiance of Justice  
guilt is good and innocence is evil.

#### No. 8, Aria

FORTUNE:

To someone on whom I look down favourably  
the night sky is clear;  
for him the earth returns from being frozen  
to blossom again.

5

#### Recitativo

SCIPIONE:

E a sì enorme possanza  
Chi s'opponga non v'è?

COSTANZA:

Sì, la Costanza.  
Io, Scipio, io sol prescrivo  
limiti e leggi al suo temuto impero.  
Dove son io non giunge  
L'instabile a regnar; che in faccia mia  
Non han luce i suoi doni,  
Nè orror le sue minacce. È ver che oltraggio  
Soffron talor da lei  
Il valor, la virtù; ma le bell'opre,  
Vindice de' miei torti, il tempo scopre.  
Son io, non è costei,  
Che conservo gl'imperi: e gli avi tuoi,  
La tua Roma lo sa. Crolla ristretta  
Da Brenno, è ver, la libertà latina  
Nell'angusto Tarpeo, ma non ruina.

But if I turn on such a person  
with a gloomy and scowling glance,  
the wood denies him foliage,  
and he finds no waves at sea.

#### Recitativo

SCIPIO:

And is there no one  
who can oppose such enormous power?

CONSTANCY:

Yes, Constancy.  
I, Scipio, I alone impose  
limits and laws on her dreaded empire.  
Wherever I am, the unstable cannot succeed  
in ruling; for in my presence  
her gifts hold no splendour,  
her threats no horror. It is true that sometimes  
valour and virtue  
suffer wrong from her, but time reveals  
the good deeds which avenge my wrongs.  
It is I, not she,  
who preserves empires; and your ancestors,  
your Rome, know it. Roman liberty, it is true,  
was restricted and left tottering by Brennus on  
the narrow Tarpeian rock, but was not broken.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The Tarpeian Rock was a steep cliff on the southern peak of the Capitoline Hill in Ancient Rome, used as an execution site. The Gallic chieftain Brennus defeated the Romans in the Battle of Allia on 18 July 390 BC and entered Rome, the only time the city was occupied by foreigners before its fall to the Goths in 410 AD. The Roman consul Marcus Manlius became a hero, defying Brennus for several months. He subsequently led a programme of social reform, relieving the poor and accusing the Roman Senate of embezzling public money. They sentenced him to death, and he was thrown from the Tarpeian Rock in 384 BC.



Dell'Aufido alle sponde  
 Si vede, è ver, miseramente intorno  
 Tutta perir la gioventù guerriera  
 Il Console roman, ma non dispera.  
 Annibale s'affretta  
 Di Roma ad ottener l'ultimo vanto,  
 E co' vessilli suoi quasi l'adombra;  
 Ma trova in Roma intanto  
 Prezzo il terren che vincitore ingombra.  
 Son mie prove sì belle; e a queste prove  
 Non resiste Fortuna. Ella si stanca;  
 E al fin cangiando aspetto,  
 Mia suddita diventa suo dispetto.

**6 No. 9, Aria**

COSTANZA:  
 Biancheggia in mar lo scoglio,  
 Par che vacilli, e pare  
 Che lo sommerga il mare  
 Fatto maggior di sè.

Ma dura a tanto orgoglio  
 Quel combattuto sasso;  
 E'l mar tranquillo e basso  
 Poi gli lambisce il piè.

**7 Recitativo**

SCIPIO:  
 Non più. Bella Costanza,  
 Guidami dove vuoi. D'altri non curo;  
 Eccomi tuo seguace.

On the banks of the river Aufidus  
 all the military youth, it is true,  
 was wretchedly seen to perish around the  
 Roman consul, but there was no despair.  
 Hannibal hurried to secure  
 the ultimate trophy of Rome, and with his  
 standard-bearers he almost reached it;  
 but meanwhile in Rome the terrain assumed  
 a price that humiliated the conqueror.  
 These are great tests of my power; and Fortune  
 cannot withstand these tests. She grows tired,  
 and eventually changing aspect,  
 she becomes my subject despite herself.

**No. 9, Aria**

CONSTANCY:  
 The rock turns white in the sea,  
 seeming to vacillate, and it seems  
 that the sea, towering above it,  
 is submerging it.

But that battered stone  
 endures with so much pride,  
 and the sea, becalmed and low,  
 then laps at its feet.

**Recitativo**

SCIPIO:  
 No more. Fair Constancy,  
 lead me wherever you wish. I heed no others;  
 here I am as your disciple.

FORTUNA:  
 E i doni miei?

SCIPIO:  
 Non bramo e non ricuso.

FORTUNA:  
 E mio furore?

SCIPIO:  
 Non sfido e non pavento.

FORTUNA:  
 In van potresti,  
 Scipio, pentirti un dì. Guardami in viso:  
 Pensaci, e poi decidi.

SCIPIO:  
 Ho già deciso.

**8 No.10, Aria**

SCIPIO:  
 Di' che sei l'arbitra  
 Del mondo intero,  
 Ma non pretendere  
 Perciò l'impero  
 D'un'alma intrepida,  
 D'un nobil cor.

FORTUNE:  
 And my gifts?

SCIPIO:  
 I neither desire nor renounce them.

FORTUNE:  
 And my fury?

SCIPIO:  
 I neither defy nor fear it.

FORTUNE:  
 If one day you repent, Scipio,  
 it will be in vain. Look me in the eye:  
 consider, and then decide.

SCIPIO:  
 I have already decided.

**No.10, Aria**

SCIPIO:  
 You say you are the arbiter  
 of the entire world,  
 but do not as a result of this  
 claim mastery  
 of a fearless soul,  
 of a noble heart.

Te vili adorino,  
Nume tiranno,  
Quei che non prezzano,  
Quei che non hanno  
Che il basso merito  
Del tuo favor.

**9 Recitativo accompagnato**

FORTUNA:  
E v'è mortal che ardisca  
Negarmi i voti suoi? che il favor mio  
Non procuri ottener?

SCIPIONE:  
Sì, vi son io.

FORTUNA:  
E ben, provami avversa. Olà, venite,  
Orribili disastri, atre sventure,  
Ministre del mio sdegno:  
Quell'audace opprimete; io vel consegno.

SCIPIONE:  
Stelle, che fia? Quel sanguinosa luce!  
Che nemi! che tempeste!  
Che tenebre son queste? Ah qual rimbomba  
Per le sconvolte sfere  
Terribile fragor! Cento saette  
Mi striscian fra le chiome; e par che tutto  
Vada sossopra il ciel. No, non pavento,  
Empia Fortuna: invan minacci; invano  
Perfida, ingiusta Dea... Ma chi mi scuote?

Let the faint-hearted worship you,  
tyrannical goddess,  
those who prize and  
have nothing  
but the lowly reward  
of your favour.

**Accompanied recitative**

FORTUNE:  
And is there a mortal who dares  
to deny me his allegiance, who does not  
try to secure my favour?

SCIPIO:  
Yes, I am he.

FORTUNE:  
Alright, then recognise me as your adversary!  
Ahoy, come, horrible disasters, hideous  
misfortunes, ministers of my fury; overwhelm  
this rash man; I consign him to you.

SCIPIO:  
Heavens, what is happening? What bloody  
light? What blasts? What storms?  
What darknesses are these? Ah, what fearful  
din resounds through the upturned spheres? A  
hundred lightning flashes dart through my hair,  
and it seems the whole of heaven is being  
overturned. No, I am not afraid, cruel Fortune;  
in vain you threaten; in vain, treacherous,  
unjust goddess... But who is agitating me?

Con chi parlo? Ove son? Di Massinissa  
Questo è pure il soggiorno. E Publio? E il padre?  
E gli astri? E il ciel? Tutto sparì. Fu sogno  
Tutto ciò ch'io mirai? No, la Costanza  
Sogno non fu: meco rimase. Io sento  
Il nume suo che mi riempie il petto.  
V'intendo, amici dei: l'augurio accetto.

**10 LICENZA**

**Recitativo**

Non è Scipio, o signore (ah chi potrebbe  
Mentir dinanzi a tel) non è l'oggetto  
Scipio de' versi miei. Di te ragiono,  
Quando parlo di lui. Quel nome illustre  
È un vel di cui si copre  
Il rispettoso mio giusto timore.  
Ma Scipio esalta il labbro, e di Girolamo il core.

**11 No. 11, Aria**

Ah perchè cercar degg'io  
Fra gli avanzi dell'oblio  
Ciò che in te ne dona il ciel!

Di virtù chi prove chiede,  
L'ode in quelli, in te le vede:  
E l'orecchio ognor del guardo  
È più tardo e men fedel.

With whom am I talking? Where am I? This  
is indeed Massinissa's palace. And Publius?  
And my father? And the stars? And heaven?  
All have vanished. Was everything I saw  
a dream then? No, Constancy was not a  
dream; she has stayed with me. I feel her  
divinity filling my breast. I understand you,  
friendly gods: I acknowledge the portent.

**LICENZA**

**Recitative**

It is not Scipio, my lord (ah, who could tell  
a lie in front of you?), Scipio is not the subject  
of my verses. I am thinking of you  
when I speak of him. His illustrious name  
is a veil which covers my suitably respectful  
awe of you. But while my lips  
exalt Scipio, my heart exalts Hieronymus.

**No. 11, Aria**

Ah why should I search  
among the relics of the past  
for that which heaven has granted us in you?

He who seeks proof of virtue can  
hear it in these lines and can see it in you;  
and the ear is always slower  
and less reliable than the eye.

**12** No.12, Coro

Cento volte con lieto sembiante,  
Prince eccelso, dall'onde marine  
Torni l'alba d'un dì sì seren.

E rispetti la diva incostante  
Quella mitra che porti sul crine,  
L'alma grande che chiudi nel sen.

APPENDIX

**13** No.11, Aria (versione originale)

Ah perchè cercar degg'io  
Fra gli avanzi dell'oblio  
Ciò che in te ne dona il ciel!

Di virtù chi prove chiede,  
L'ode in quelli, in te le vede:  
E l'orecchio ognor del guardo  
È più tardo e men fedel.

**No.12, Chorus**

May the dawn of so happy a day,  
exalted prince, return a hundred times  
with a smiling face from the ocean's waves.

And may the inconstant goddess respect  
the mitre that you wear on your brow and the  
magnificent soul enclosed within your breast.

APPENDIX

**No.11, Aria (original version)**

Ah why should I search  
among the relics of the past  
for that which heaven has granted us in you?

He who seeks proof of virtue can  
hear it in these lines and can see it in you;  
and the ear is always slower  
and less reliable than the eye.



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